

THE CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL.

By RICHARD MARSH.

BOOK II.—THE CLUB.

CHAPTER I.

THE HONOUR OF THE CLUB.

I had not a notion that it would be so late as this evening at the club.

I did not know that the lot would fall to me. I was the first to draw.

When I saw that the card which I had drawn was in gleaming letters the words, "The Honour of the Club," it gave me quite a start.

Of course I knew that the odds were equal. But, somehow or other, I had never expected to draw the thing. I held it up in front of me.

"Gentlemen, the Honour of the Club is mine."

Persons in the chair, stood up. The others all rose with him.

"Gentlemen of the Murder Club, charge your glasses to the brim." They filled them with neat brandy. Pendarven turned to me, holding his tumbler above his head.

"Mr. Townsend, we offer you our most sincere congratulations."

"We do!"

They emptied their glasses, with inclinations of their heads towards me. I did not fancy that, ordinarily, they would all of them have been equal to drinking half a pint of brandy at one swallow, neat. Some of them did not like it even then. As I was in front of me, put down his glass, he pulled a face, and caught at the table. I thought he was going to be ill.

Pendarven went on—

"The Honour of the Club, Mr. Townsend, rests with you. This day month, you will return it to us, as untarnished as when it came into your keeping."

"That day, I rose."

"Gentlemen, I thank you. I give you my word that, with me, the Honour of the Club is safe."

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And that then, if she did not promise to be reasonable, I would do something for the Honour of the Club. The month, allowed by the rules, was up on the Thursday following. At the meeting, I should be called to account.

Louise continued to be as unreasonable as ever—if anything, she was more so. She talked about my promise—as if they were anything. She cried, making quite a scene—or rather, as we were going down Whitey Hill, accusing me of all sorts of things. I fancy she was rather taken aback when I turned into Tilgate Forest. It was pitch dark, and the walking was not too smooth. The game seemed a rustling of unseen feet, the hurrying of unseen wings. Once we flushed a pheasant right from beneath our feet. A startled cock-pheasant is not the quietest of birds, but I don't think I ever heard one make such a noise as that bird did then. It startled even me. Louise was frightened out of her wits. I felt her trembling as she clung to my arm.

All the way along, I kept saying to myself, "Now! Now!" And I should have done it in the forest, only just as I was bringing myself to the sticking point, my eyes were saluted by a crimson glare. I thought, for a moment, we had gone farther than we ought, and that we had reached the Wench's lair. I had thought of the charcoal burners. You will find them somewhere in Tilgate Forest all the year round. Sure enough it was them. Their furnaces were glowing blood-red. They had built a barricade of logs to screen it from the wind. I wanted to stop and look at it, but because she wanted the encouragement of my companionship. But I would not agree, I hurried her on. I had no desire to be seen, just then, even by a charcoal burner. As I was congratulating myself that we should get past unnoticed, a short, stout figure, starting out from behind the barricade, glared at us through the gloom.

Little was said by either of us, as, leaving the forest, we went across the fields. Reaching the railway, we passed under the arch. I helped Louise over the stile. We paused by the gate. About half a mile off we reached the village and the station. I resolved to wait for her another chance. Then, if she was obstinate, I would do it.

She was obstinate, even, as it seemed to me, in a positively ascending scale.

"You promised to marry me. I have your letter. I trusted you. If you are going to leave me to face my shame alone, there is nothing for me but death."

That saying of hers finished it; there was nothing left for me but death. Only it came a little sooner than she quite bargained for. Just at that moment a train went thundering over the bridge towards town. As it went, a cloud must have parted, because, suddenly, the moon came out. It shone on me through the little window of the carriage. I had been crying, and I never knew a woman's face which was improved by tears; her prettiness, revealed, all at once, by the moonlight, particularly struck me. She looked prettier than when I first saw her at the Coliseum. Her hand upon my arm—a tiny hand it was.

"Reggie, has your love for me all gone? Don't you love me still?"

"Oh, yes," I said; "I love you still."

Then, putting my hands round her neck, I began to choke her. Here was a slender neck, and I was able to get a good grip. I don't think that, at first, she realised what I was up to. She was thinking more of love than of death. At any rate, she did not attempt to scream. She looked more startled as I increased the pressure. I had not altogether relished the business until I tackled it. But, as I got a tighter and tighter hold, and felt her convulsive writhings and her life slipping through my fingers, I began to feel the joy of killing, for the killing's sake. I was filled with a sort of ecstasy of passion—the sort of ecstasy which I had been in search of when I joined the club. After all, it was worth feeling. Lifting her up, I bent her backwards over the gate. She took longer to die than I should have supposed. When she had ceased to move, I dropped her. My fingers were rigid with cramp. For some seconds I could not move them. When I could, the pain was excruciating. I found, too, that I was not only breathless, I was damp with perspiration.

She lay in an ugly heap on the ground. I arranged her drapery and straightened her. In her pocket was a purse—only regarding my own—some letters in an envelope, which, I guessed, were also mine, and a handkerchief. I knew that she was in the habit of wearing a portrait of mine, which I had been ass enough to open. In a pocket I found the locket tied to a piece of ribbon. Tearing it off, I put it, with the other things, into the inside pocket of my overcoat. Not wishing to leave the body lying there for the first passer-by to find it in the morning, picking it up, I carried it a few feet along the bridge which bordered the railway embankment. On the other side of this hedge shrubs were growing on the sloping banks. Raising the body above my head, I threw it, as far as I could, among these shrubs. I distinctly heard it fall. The minutes sped; before I knew it we were in town. She asked me to call on her; to renew and improve the acquaintance made in the train. I said that I would. What is more, when she was gone, I told myself that I would keep my promise.

Her voice lingered in my ears.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT MR. TENNANT HAD WRITTEN.

There were several letters by the morning's post. One's creditors, at any rate, seemed to be in town. Do those sort of people ever go away? Lily Langdale wanted me to look her up. Confound little Lily Langdale! I had looked her up too much already. I had written to her from Monte Carlo, wanted to know if I could do her any good, or whether the one or the other. I knew Chirpy. He had probably made the same request to half a dozen more of us. There were only two letters among the heap worth looking at. One contained just two typewritten words, "My Boomjops."

No address, no signature, no nothing. I put that aside. It would entail my going into the City as soon as I could. The other letter was from Haselton Jardine—

"Dear Townsend, if you are in town and this catches you, and you have nothing else to do, come round to-morrow (Monday) and dine 'en famille.' Only Dora! I have something which I rather wish to say to you.—Yours, H. J."

I was to go down to them at Cockington on Friday. What had he to say to me which would not keep till then? I wondered. But I had not time to think of it. I was so busy with Dora! So, scribbling a line of acceptance, I told Burton to take it round. When I opened the paper I found that Sir Haselton was leading for the defendants in the great diamond

earring libel case—Mrs. Potter Segundi against Lady Lueretia Jenkins. I should not have minded being in court to see the fun. They say that P. S. has brass enough to start a foundry. I know of my own knowledge, that Lady J. is fairly well equipped. When I am in Queer-street, I hope that Sir Haselton will be briefed for me.

It was past one when I got out. I ought to have gone straight to the City. Instead, I dropped into the Clinker, and had just one rubber. I cut Pendarven against Graeme and Rickards. Pendarven and I had the luck of the devil; we scored a bumper. Altogether, with bets, I walked off with about a pony. When I reached the City it was not very far from Austin Friars. I made for a man named Tennant, Thomas Tennant—a steady as a fife as ever I saw. I have done a good deal of business through him at various times. I don't fancy that he has much nose of his own; but he keeps quiet, asks no questions, and follows instructions to the letter.

Tennant was out. He was not in the House. A clerk thought that he might be at Danby's; he would go and see. I knew where Danby's was—it is one of those City restaurants where there is more drink than ate—so I saved that clerk his trouble, and went myself.

I spotted Tennant directly I got inside the place—a plump little fellow, with round pasty face, and hair which always looked to me as if he soaped it. A mild-looking man, but with a keenness of vision. He had a table to himself. As a rule, in a mild sort of way, he is jolly as a sand boy. Just then it appeared to me that he seemed hipped. Taking a chair on the opposite side of the table, I looked at him. He was scribbling, I thought, on a scrap of paper. When I glanced at it a thrill went down my back. It was a bolt out of the blue. I do not think that in all my life before I was ever so taken by surprise.

Tennant had been scribbling all over the sheet of paper a woman's name—Louise O'Donnell. That my appearance on the scene at that particular moment was a pure coincidence, I had, of course, no doubt. It could not have been otherwise. But how came he to have been writing that name? I could scarcely believe my eyes. I stared at the paper, and then at my watch.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked.

"The meaning of what?"

"When I showed him what he had been writing on the piece of paper, he seemed to be as much taken aback as I was. At first he wanted me to believe that he had been writing a name over and over again without having an idea of what it was that he was doing. I made him make him out at all. He made me feel uneasy."

So far as I was aware, I was the only person in England who was acquainted with the girl's real name. She had always assured me that such was the case, and I had believed her. Everybody, except myself, knew her by her stage name, Miss Groll. Her mother was the only relative she had in the world, and he was in Colorado. Mother and daughter had fallen out. Coming to England with a burlesque company from New York, she had left him on the other side of the world. If this story of hers was true, I did not see how it could be. She was not that sort of girl—how did Mr. Thomas Tennant come to be in possession of her name?

I put the question to him point blank.

"What do you know about Louise O'Donnell?"

"Nothing," Tennant said; "I say!"

"I heard it mentioned for the first time in my life last night."

"Last night?" The coincidence made me shiver again.

"As I was coming up from Brighton?" I had to gasp for breath. "Did you come up last night from Brighton? By what train?"

"The 8.40."

I figured it out in my mind. I should not be surprised if that was the identical train which had rattled over the arch while Louise was in the world. When she had been in the world, she had been in the world. I had done something for the Honour of the Club. And Tennant was in it. Was the long arm of coincidence going to make things pleasant for me?

"What did you hear about Louise O'Donnell as you were coming up from Brighton?"

"Nothing. The name was casually mentioned in a conversation that was all I seem to have stuck in my head."

It did seem to have stuck in his head—and it seemed to have crept into mine, from the ends of his fingers. That something had been said or done, to fix the name in his memory, I did not doubt. What had been said or done was another matter. I was too busy to care to question him too closely. Generally, in his own placid, fish-like fashion, Tennant is as cool as you please. Then he was as fidgety as if he had been sitting on hot bricks. He said he was ill, and he looked it—if his ailment was not more mental than physical, I misjudged him.

I clean forgot all about the Boomjops shares, which I had come up to instruct him to buy. I left Tennant in Danby's without having mentioned them to him from first to last. Indeed, I never thought of them till I pulled Groll's tip out of my pocket when I got home to dress for dinner. Seeing the girl's name upon that sheet of paper made me all of a flutter.

Scarcely had I left Danby's when I all but cannoned into my scamp of a brother. He seemed as little pleased to see me as I was to see him, but I had seen and heard nothing of him for the last two years. I thought that I might as well do the fraternal. He looked seedy enough, and had enough to boot. The ead was in his face and bearing. The seediness was in his clothes. He had on what looked like a second, but a fourth, hand-me-down coat, trimmed with the usual imitation astrachan. He had his way, I believe that he would be buried in imitation astrachan.

"Not in prison then?"

"No. He fidgeted inside his clothes. 'I'm not in prison.'"

"Recently come out?"

"Nor have I recently come out."

"Or just going in?"

"Not unless, my dear Reginald, I is to visit you."

Alexander was cheeky, he must be in funds, although he did not look it.

"May I ask, my dear Alexander, what means you are at present taking to increase your fortune?"

He blew his nose with an old silk

handkerchief and a flourish. Did he ever do anything without a flourish, every pick-a-pocket?

"I don't know, my dear Reginald, that it much matters to you what I am doing, but I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I am at present devoting my energies to the detection of crime."

"To what?"

"The idea seemed too funny. In other words, I am a private detective, on, I think I may say, a considerable scale."

"The deuce you are! That is something new."

"And you—may I ask what you are doing?"

I stared at Alexander. He certainly was coming on.

"I'm talking to you."

"I trust that the occupation gives you satisfaction. I regret that I am compelled to cut it short. My time is valuable. In fact, at this moment I have a pressing appointment with a gentleman well known in City circles."

A bailli or a policeman, Alexander? They are both of them well-known in City circles."

"Probably, my dear Reginald, they are better known to you than they are to me. Good day."

"Good day!"

He raised his hat about three feet; I raised mine about three inches. We parted, I do believe, for the first time in our lives, on the most affable of terms.

(To be continued.)

PRESTON ACCIDENT.

STARTLING EVIDENCE BY ONE OF THE ENGINE DRIVERS.

An inquest on Donald Mavor, killed in the accident to the Scotch express at Preston, was resumed at Preston.

Dr. Mavor had charge of the locomotive "Shark," said that they approached Preston at about 60 miles an hour. He shut off steam at Leyland, 4 miles from Preston, and applied the brake slightly as they ran into the station, through which they passed at a speed not exceeding 25 miles an hour.

Immediately they got outside the station the engine gave a severe to the left, recovered herself and lurched to the right, after which she plunged violently. He clapped the brakes on, but she jumped the rails, and was thrown violently back, and was a standstill on the top of a wall. He knew that the regulation speed through Preston was 10 miles an hour, but they were timed at nearly 60 miles an hour, 105 miles in 112 minutes.

He did not know how long they were timed at nearly 60 miles an hour, but they were timed at nearly 60 miles an hour, 105 miles in 112 minutes.

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To quote the words of a popular song
"It ain't all beer and roses" even for the most

It is quite the words of a popular song which "I ain't all lavender," even for the most successful artists on the variety stage, who are coming a little more to the fore. The ex-ample is set by Dan Leno in Belfast a few days since, when the performer has a trying time of it. One would have thought that at the amusing Dan Leno was safe and sound, but it appears that the days when he used to have a special "patter" were over, and he has an unrivalled clog dancer, and although Dan Leno sang and "pattered" to the audience of the Belfast Empire in his best style there was a good deal of interruption, various special requests for a change of dancing. Coming forward again the popular comedian attempted to soothe the silly people with a song to sing his "coon song" and to give the plantation dance, but not a few of the audience, please them, and Dan Leno was well advised in giving them up as a bad job. "Rip Van Winkle," the new Lilliputian ballet, is fixed for Wednesday, and it is hoped that the Belfast audience will be in the title role. The Musical Korrie, a trio of clever people, make up just now an interesting addition to the ordinary programme. They seem to be able to extract melody from anything, even down to the gutter, and the morning programme, it will be a very interesting special night, for if half the artists appear daylight will find the theatre "still sitting." The Brothers Johnson, ring and trapeze artists, a Nannando and Leopoldo, and the Brothers Gamma, acrobats, will be in the programme all new to London, will appear at the Royal Aquarium this week. Preparations for the coming Bank Holiday are, we are informed, on a scale of magnitude unprecedented, even at the Empire, in regard to all the different things to be an in re, in the Oriental, Camberwell, and another hall is now promised, this time at Walham Green. It is to be called Granville Theatre Varieties, and the site is the Broadway. Some of the pictures are to be shown in the cinema, and the Empire to-morrow. Recent additions include the Csar and entering the Kremlin, and the Csar and Carina leaving the Palace and passing into the church; also a pattern of Asiatic ambassadors. Mdle. Yvette, in long black gloves and familiar white rock, will also be a "item" in the Empire programme this week.—The Washington, a party performed, has been panned by a syndicate by a dragon of whisky, for Chin has won the "music hall's prize" for the following story, with a true Irish flavour: Two Irish comedians, who had little barrel of wit on the Derby Day. They agreed with each other that they would trade with one another should drink without paying. On the way one drank a glass and his partner 3d. The other then drank a glass and then returned the 3d. They then reached this alteration. The whisky was up and they had honestly paid for the drink and were bewildered to find they only 3d. between them.—Mr. Ed. Swanborough's benefit at the Pavilion was fixed for the end of next month, but on occasion Little to come. The Marjorie which has been bought by Mr. Ed. Hart, is being extensively decorated when it is re-opened on a complete new style which will startle visitors by its complete artistic finish.—Eugene L. Morton is to be to the States next month, visiting his native country after an absence of years.

draw him back to his old and mor

draw him back to his old and mon-
strous stival home. He has eyes for no
but the lovely woman on the canvas
so his spouse, in a fit of temper,
with a knife the beautiful picture
husband is beside himself at this
damage to his ideal, and certainly
discretion is still further at fault,
she attempts to soothe the wound-
ings by the irritating music of a tin
line, which "my lord" promptly
so stabs. Like so many husbands
romance the artist takes to drink
seems to bring madam to a
calculating frame of mind. She
the garments depicted on the ruin-
ed, and, flooded by pale moonlight,
within the frame, making a living
more seductive than any creation of
and pigments. Thus, is the artist
again to his true ideal, and the
virtue reigns triumphant. The ef-
fect well worth seeing, as is also much
the excellent Palace programme.

QUEEN'S, POPLAR.

It is hardly to be wondered at
one time the theatrical folk look-
ing jealous eyes on the music hall
the poplar is undoubtedly one of
popular features of the variety en-
tertainment, although it is a moot point
that of itself offers any competition
respect to the "legitimate." It is
dom from restraint and the al-
most smoke which renders the hall
favourite resort. This liberty of
well exemplified at the recent
now the popularity of the sketch



Mrs. BERTHA WHITE. Mr. Sam-
"I'm trying to find the way to the
strikingly evidenced for the little
story, "Love and Jealousy," told in
manner by the Bertha White com-
prises one of the strongest in the
liberal programme. Domestic
WHITE, a jealous husband

is found, and no one does better than Sam
Wilkinson, quite an old stager,

OUR LOCAL THEATRES

It is not at all a matter of surprise that

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK
Those musical programmes presented by the chief schools of music at the ele

The part in them one must look, if n

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. See Illd Catalogue (M9 pgs.). 3d. "How to or

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.
For full particulars of the **USUAL EXTENSION**

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London, July, 1894.

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(Continued from page 16.)

ATHLETICS.

WATKINS KRYSTIC ASSOCIATION.
Taxpayers and athletes. Dr. Watkins, president of the A.A.A., called a committee meeting of the A.A.A. at Antler's Hotel to consider the recommendation of the Southern Committee that certain athletes should in consequence of alleged malpractice be expelled from the association. The members of the committee were Dr. Watkins, the Bradleys and Downer and received expenses, and their suspension was made permanent. Bacon and Watkins received similar punishment, but A. Blair, who supported the case, was not a member of the committee. The committee's decision was unanimously withdrawn. Crossland also appeared, and it was decided that his suspension should continue pending further evidence being proved. The meeting was adjourned until the next day, when Crossland's appeal will be considered.

BUSINESS HOUSES INTER-TEAM RACE.
Teams representing the important drapery and furnishing houses contested a friendly match at the Antler's Hotel. The result was a draw. (Antler's Hotel, C. Redhead.)

CRICKET.
WAGBURN MARSHES MATCHES.
 Macken's (A), 23; Trinity Mission, 24. S. Lawrence, 24; Broad-st., 31. Ruby, 54 (for 40). Ickle, 24. St. James O.C., 53 (for 40).
PRINCIPAL CLUB PRESENT. 127; Madras Club, 128. St. Clements, 106; St. Augustine, 46 (for 60). Civil Service, 62; Argyle, 16. Co-operative Brushmakers, 34; Foulger, 8. Northern League, 100; St. George's, 100.
WAGBURN MARSHES. 127; Madras Club, 128. (B), 40; Endeavour, 31. Jubilee, 23; Victoria Hall, 76. Silverdale, 60; Ferncliffe, 42. Hutton, 54; Silver Star, 46. (B), 40; Endeavour, 31. Jubilee, 23; Victoria Hall, 76. Silverdale, 60; Ferncliffe, 42. Hutton, 54; Silver Star, 46.
VICTORIA MATCHES. 127; Madras Club, 128. (B), 40; Endeavour, 31. Jubilee, 23; Victoria Hall, 76. Silverdale, 60; Ferncliffe, 42. Hutton, 54; Silver Star, 46.
TEMPERANCE STAR. 33; Adphi (A), 141 (for 40).
ASSOCIATION.

[illegible]

Wesley, 103 for 6; declared; Arville,
Aldenham Institute (Bro.),
Social Athletic Club, Philadelphia;
St. George's, 119 for 6; declared; Clara
Simpson, 55, Cantonians, 188 Ev-
erhart C.A. (Camden), 91; Gospel Ours,
H.C., 123; Netherland, 127; House, 73. Hen-
derson, 129; Dolphin, 34. Graham, 98; Pot-
ter, 100.
Excelsior, 23. Midland Excelsior, 98; Dog
Athletic, 26. Camden Canoe Club, 98. Ath-
letic Union, 38. Germania, 38. Denmark, 62.
Eagle, 50. St. Martin, 26.
62; Midland Wanderers, 34. Raphael, 36.
Graston, 23. Highgate Monarchs, 98. H-
day, 58. Netherland, 127. House, 73. Hen-
derson, 129; Dolphin, 34. Graham, 98; Pot-
ter, 100.
Gospel Ours Juniors, 99; Mattituck, 63.
son, 74; Carlton, 54. Melrose, 1; Xaver-
ian, 31 and 57. St. Martin's, 11. Rapid,
Elm, 38. Elm, 38. Elm, 38. Elm, 38. Elm,
College Liberal Club, 28. Crozier Star
Athletic, 35. Golden Star, 86. Hawley

PORTSMOUTH MATCHES.

Gun Wharf, 61. Southern Brewery, 22.

Silmon's, 71; Combs, 65; Wankmeyer,
Gun Factory, 83; Alliance, 100; St. M.
Roovers, 32; Dockyard Alliance, 116;
63; Dr. Mary's, 98; The Bazaar, 5
The Eden, 54; 70; Fraternal Rangers,
Inevitably, 34; Dreadnoughts, 20; S.M.'s
64; Red Star, 36; Buckland Rangers, 3;
6; Southern Stars, 35; The Crows,
Engineers' Club, Park Lane Institute, 55 (R)
TUNNELL PARK MATCHES
Albemarle, 189 for 4; Union Bank, 79;
82 for 9; Fiddington, 91; Calithorp,
Albermarle, 189 for 4.

WALTHAMSTOW MATCHES

Marborough, 161 for 9; Clapham U.,
52; Eagle, 161 for 1; Repton, 50; Midland
way, 71; 1st XI, 155; 2nd XI, 145;
Harrowby (Clapton), 167; Walthamstow
50; Jubilee, 161 for 3, declared); St.
drews, 62 (for 6). Grosvenor Park, 161
116 (for 7) 161; 161; 161; 161; 161;
161; 161; 161; 161; 161; 161;

(L) **WALTHAM LODGE MATCHES**

Milverny, 93; Aptina, 55;
161; 161; 161; 161; 161; 161; 161; 161;
CEPH, 79; 4 bra, 38; Hurst and Sons,

ST. ANTON'S AT PLUMSTEAD.
Ordinary, Department, 131; Castles
60. Woolwich Albion, 62.
Plumstead Athletic, 60. Brent Athletic,
St. Mark's, 71 (for 6). Gothic, 83; St.
Paul's, 90.
Argyll, 73; St. Stephen's, 61. Cro-
ssedown, 83.
Small, 48. High School, 91. Clarendon
Kisham United, 83; Castle Envoets, 73.

At Thames Ditton, Heathfield, 178;
(declared); Thames Ditton, 83 for 2.

CYCLING.

SOUTH LONDON CYCLING CLUB.
On the grounds adjoining the Grove
at Dulwich, the first annual athletic and
meeting program was held on Sunday
last. The results are as follows:

Results:
100 Yards Handicap.—A. Parsons, 1st;
G. W. Soudanour, 10 yards start;
Traill, 10 s. Won by 3 yards.

OAK LAKE "BICYCLE" RACE.
15 yards start; 3. Won by 20 yards.
Oak Lap "Show" Bicycle Race.—H.
1. One Mile Race (Cyclist v. Runner).
Warbey, cyclist, allows 2 minutes. I.
easily by 80 yards.
Two Mile Race (Cyclist v. Runner).
sons; 1. W. Mason, 2. G. Salter, 2
50 yards.

POLYTONIC CYCLING CLUB.
This club decided their 30 miles time
best time was—S. A. Lynn (handic
1st 39min 40sec; net, 1st 39min;
2nd 40min 30sec; net, 2nd 40min;
3rd 41min 30sec; net, 3rd 41min 30sec).

ROWING.
WILSON B.C. REGATTA.
At HAMMERHEAD. The Regatta was
held between A. Douglas & the
G. Johnson's crew from the Rev. E.
Douglas' crew from the Rev. E.
F. Taylor; J. Walker's crew from
the Rev. E. F. Taylor's crew from
Mr. Johnson won the Handicap Scull

others; the rev. gentlemen,
towards the Doubles.

CROWN HOUSE R.C.
The Light House for L. Lippincott
at Hammeurville went to G. Lines;
H. J. Espar's by a length in the final
heat.

HAZELL'S R. AND A.C.
Fair Oaks were rowed, Blackburn,
Dun, Murrell (cox) beating Waugh,
bed, and Skilton (cox) easily; Jas.
Crome, Vernon (cox) third.

LONGFORD V. COLLEBROOK R.C.
These clubs rowed a race, and the
(Webster, Latty, Adamsen, and
Meyer, who beat the Colbrook
Neville, Webber, and Brown, Whitch
easily by a length.

SECRET UNITED R.C.
Handicap Doubles over the Fut
men, Sullivan and Nicholas, 1; P
Davis; 2 Phillips; 3 G. and J.
Larson; same between second and

WIDE AWAKE.

GARRISON ARTILLERY.
EASTERN DIVISION.—1st Company, Delhi; 2nd
Shoeburyness; 3rd, Bombay; 4th, Madras; 5th

Calcutta; 6th, Sheerabad; 7th, Dover; 11th, Calcutta; 9th, Allahabad; 12th, Dover; 11th, Landguard Fort; 12th, Campbellpore; 13th, Haveli Pindi; 14th, Gibraltar; 15th, Egypt; 17th, Gibraltar; 18th, Sheerabad; 19th, Dover; 21st, Gibraltar; 22nd, Gibraltar; 23rd, Borkree; 24th, Bombay; 25th, Sheerabad; 26th, Borkree. Depot No., Dover; No. 3, Great Yarmouth.

SEVENTH DIVISION.—1st Company, Cork Harbour; 2nd, Malta; 3rd, Aden; 4th, Weymouth; 5th, Stock; 6th, Corkon; 7th, Quetta; 8th, Malta; 9th, Aden; 10th, Cork; 11th, Rangoon.

[illegible][illegible]

Pearson said he was in the light house and did not see the man. He said Berkeley was fully acquitted. Lieut. Pearson was sentenced to 18 months' solitary confinement and 18 months' solitary confinement and to be reprimanded.

DEFAUDING JEWELLER

George McCulloch, 44, described as a jeweler, was convicted of defrauding a bank of \$10,000. He was wearing a bracelet, value \$19, the property of Ward Bragge, dealer in jewellery, caught on business at Great Chippel-st. He was arrested by a police officer, manager. The manager and another man were also arrested. The man was committed on June 16. The man not in custody appropriated the articles and was caught with the wife of the manager. The man was arrested by various excuse kept up a conversation with process manager until his patience gave way to 2 or 3 years ago, said a man of the character since then he had mixed up with suspicious lot of persons, who

THE WIDOW WAS WILLING
Mrs. Annie Klindt came to the Third District Court about her 50-shilling claim against a deceased husband and a widow, her husband having died for 7 years. Louis Avelbourn, who used to lodge at the house of the player, and saw her there on several occasions, said she looked a clean and respectable woman, and he would not marry her. She said she was never married, but she suspected the player (Lugher). After that they went together, and became engaged. On the first he called at her house. Her husband and children were lying on the waterlain chairs, and the player and the prostitute were gone.—In cross-examination the prosecutrix said she was very much married. It was not true that she said that she would withdraw from the case.

case. She now knew he was a
thief.—Defendant denied having the
watch, and as prosecutor charged
corroborated Mr. Mead discharged.

AN ANCIENT BURGLAR

An habitual criminal, Robert
H. Pleasant, charged with the Crim-
inal, pleaded guilty to burglary at the
jeweler at 63, Southgate.—About
on the 25th ult., prosecutor, William
H. Mead, heard of Pleasant, a well-
known burglar, and cautiously leaving
the front he summoned a constable
went to the rear of the premises
and, on going in, the back pa-
prosecutor he disturbed the burglar
ran down the garden and jumped
the garden wall literally
arms of a number of soldiers.
Pleasant was proved against pri-
had undergone 7 years, 5 years
years' penal servitude, and he
months of the last year, and he
the same time.

THROWING ACID
Samuel Cornwell, 35, a
found guilty at the Criminal
of throwing a corrosive fluid
wife, and the jury recommended
to mercy.—Prisoner and his
in the afternoon of Saturday
of the 27th ult. he returned h
worse for drink and used ve
language towards her. She th
to leave him, and prisoner sa
did he not know that she
the corrosive fluid he had in his h
she was leaving he threw the
her, and some drops fell on h
which she put up to protect
her forehead, and he was
commendation to mercy com
upon her husband not com
her or troubling her in futu
Common Sergeant regretted v
that he had no power to
cell separately in this case. A
Parliament would amend th

that such an order in cases of
could be made in future.
tenced the prisoner to life im-
prisonment without hard lab-
or.

Martin Colla, alias **Anthony 32**, and **Juan Acona**, **48**, 2 8
found guilty of attempting
\$1,190 by false pretences from
Bergel, a City firm of finance
got 6 years' penal servitude
and the Recorder.

THE KEY TO HEALTH:
sufferers from Gravel, Lumbago,
Drugs, Rheumatism and Wind-
plants, Diseases of Kidney, Hlaem-
uric Acid, Gout, etc., and who
will find a positive cure in **HOLDSBERRY**
PILLS, which are sold by all Chemists.
All money paid will be returned. Free
of charge.

THE MEDICAL HALL, CLEVELAND
Do not put off. If you cannot get
better, write to **THE MEDICAL HALL**, and be
next post.—**LEADS**

1. 1972. 1973. 1974. 1975. 1976. 1977. 1978. 1979. 1980. 1981. 1982. 1983. 1984. 1985. 1986. 1987. 1988. 1989. 1990. 1991. 1992. 1993. 1994. 1995. 1996. 1997. 1998. 1999. 2000. 2001. 2002. 2003. 2004. 2005. 2006. 2007. 2008. 2009. 2010. 2011. 2012. 2013. 2014. 2015. 2016. 2017. 2018. 2019. 2020. 2021. 2022. 2023. 2024. 2025. 2026. 2027. 2028. 2029. 2030. 2031. 2032. 2033. 2034. 2035. 2036. 2037. 2038. 2039. 2040. 2041. 2042. 2043. 2044. 2045. 2046. 2047. 2048. 2049. 2050. 2051. 2052. 2053. 2054. 2055. 2056. 2057. 2058. 2059. 2060. 2061. 2062. 2063. 2064. 2065. 2066. 2067. 2068. 2069. 2070. 2071. 2072. 2073. 2074. 2075. 2076. 2077. 2078. 2079. 2080. 2081. 2082. 2083. 2084. 2085. 2086. 2087. 2088. 2089. 2090. 2091. 2092. 2093. 2094. 2095. 2096. 2097. 2098. 2099. 2100. 2101. 2102. 2103. 2104. 2105. 2106. 2107. 2108. 2109. 2110. 2111. 2112. 2113. 2114. 2115. 2116. 2117. 2118. 2119. 2120. 2121. 2122. 2123. 2124. 2125. 2126. 2127. 2128. 2129. 2130. 2131. 2132. 2133. 2134. 2135. 2136. 2137. 2138. 2139. 2140. 2141. 2142. 2143. 2144. 2145. 2146. 2147. 2148. 2149. 2150. 2151. 2152. 2153. 2154. 2155. 2156. 2157. 2158. 2159. 2160. 2161. 2162. 2163. 2164. 2165. 2166. 2167. 2168. 2169. 2170. 2171. 2172. 2173. 2174. 2175. 2176. 2177. 2178. 2179. 2180. 2181. 2182. 2183. 2184. 2185. 2186. 2187. 2188. 2189. 2190. 2191. 2192. 2193. 2194. 2195. 2196. 2197. 2198. 2199. 2200. 2201. 2202. 2203. 2204. 2205. 2206. 2207. 2208. 2209. 2210. 2211. 2212. 2213. 2214. 2215. 2216. 2217. 2218. 2219. 2220. 2221. 2222. 2223. 2224. 2225. 2226. 2227. 2228. 2229. 2230. 2231. 2232. 2233. 2234. 2235. 2236. 2237. 2238. 2239. 2240. 2241. 2242. 2243. 2244. 2245. 2246. 2247. 2248. 2249. 2250. 2251. 2252. 2253. 2254. 2255. 2256. 2257. 2258. 2259. 2260. 2261. 2262. 2263. 2264. 2265. 2266. 2267. 2268. 2269. 2270. 2271. 2272. 2273. 2274. 2275. 2276. 2277. 2278. 2279. 2280. 2281. 2282. 2283. 2284. 2285. 2286. 2287. 2288. 2289. 2290. 2291. 2292. 2293. 2294. 2295. 2296. 2297. 2298. 2299. 2300. 2301. 2302. 2303. 2304. 2305. 2306. 2307. 2308. 2309. 2310. 2311. 2312. 2313. 2314. 2315. 2316. 2317. 2318. 2319. 2320. 2321. 2322. 2323. 2324. 2325. 2326. 2327. 2328. 2329. 2330. 2331. 2332. 2333. 2334. 2335. 2336. 2337. 2338. 2339. 2340. 2341. 2342. 2343. 2344. 2345. 2346. 2347. 2348. 2349. 2350. 2351. 2352. 2353. 2354. 2355. 2356. 2357. 2358. 2359. 2360. 2361. 2362. 2363. 2364. 2365. 2366. 2367. 2368. 2369. 2370. 2371. 2372. 2373. 2374. 2375. 2376. 2377. 2378. 2379. 2380. 2381. 2382. 2383. 2384. 2385. 2386. 2387. 2388. 2389. 2390. 2391. 2392. 2393. 2394. 2395. 2396. 2397. 2398. 2399. 2400. 2401. 2402. 2403. 2404. 2405. 2406. 2407. 2408. 2409. 2410. 2411. 2412. 2413. 2414. 2415. 2416. 2417. 2418. 2419. 2420. 2421. 2422. 2423. 2424. 2425. 2426. 2427. 2428. 2429. 2430. 2431. 2432. 2433. 2434. 2435. 2436. 2437. 2438. 2439. 2440. 2441. 2442. 2443. 2444. 2445. 2446. 2447. 2448. 2449. 2450. 2451. 2452. 2453. 2454. 2455. 2456. 2457. 2458. 2459. 2460. 2461. 2462. 2463. 2464. 2465. 2466. 2467. 2468. 2469. 2470. 2471. 2472. 2473. 2474. 2475. 2476. 2477. 2478. 2479. 2480. 2481. 2482. 2483. 2484. 2485. 2486. 2487. 2488. 2489. 2490. 2491. 2492. 2493. 2494. 2495. 2496. 2497. 2498. 2499. 2500. 2501. 2502. 2503. 2504. 2505. 2506. 2507. 2508. 2509. 2510. 2511. 2512. 2513. 2514. 2515. 2516. 2517. 2518. 2519. 2520. 2521. 2522. 2523. 2524. 2525. 2526. 2527. 2528. 2529. 2530. 2531. 2532. 2533. 2534. 2535. 2536. 2537. 2538. 2539. 2540. 2541. 2542. 2543. 2544. 2545. 2546. 2547. 2548. 2549. 2550. 2551. 2552. 2553. 2554. 2555. 2556. 2557. 2558. 2559. 2560. 2561. 2562. 2563. 2564. 2565. 2566. 2567. 2568. 2569. 2570. 2571. 2572. 2573. 2574. 2575. 2576. 2577. 2578. 2579. 2580. 2581. 2582. 2583. 2584. 2585. 2586. 2587. 2588. 2589. 2590. 2591. 2592. 2593. 2594. 2595. 2596. 2597. 2598. 2599. 2600. 2601. 2602. 2603. 2604. 2605. 2606. 2607. 2608. 2609. 2610. 2611. 2612. 2613. 2614. 2615. 2616. 2617. 2618. 2619. 2620. 2621. 2622. 2623. 2624. 2625. 2626. 2627. 2628. 2629. 2630. 2631. 2632. 2633. 2634. 2635. 2636. 2637. 2638. 2639. 2640. 2641. 2642. 2643. 2644. 2645. 2646. 2647. 2648. 2649. 2650. 2651. 2652. 2653.

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